THE CROWN OF FAILURE.

When you have lived your life, When you have fought your last good fight

And the day's work is finished, and the sun Sets on the darkening world and all its strife Ere the worn hands are tired with all they've

Ere the mind's strength begins to droop

Ere the first touch of sleep has dulled the brain, Ere the heart's springs are slow and running dry-When you have lived your life.

If it may not be so.

If you but fight a fight you may not win :

See the far goal but may not enter in-Twere better then to die and not to know Defeat-to die amidst the rush and din. Still striving, while the heart beats high and fast With glorious life. If you must fail at last, Such end were best with all your hope and all

Your spirit in its youth

Then, when you fall.

Far better so to die, Still toiling upward through the mists obscure With all things possible and nothing sure. Than to be touched by glory and passed by,

To win, by chance, fame that may not endure That dies and leaves you living, while you strive With wasted breath to keep its flame alive And fan, with empty boast and proud regrets, Remembrance of a past The world forgets.

A. St. J. Adeock in Chambers' Journal,

GLADY'S GREY; A PASTORAL.

She had come to the little country town, Stedwell, in the autumn of the previous life?" year, when the apples were falling in red framed the answer, as a chill seemed to few days. and golden showers in the orchards; the strike upon his heart-"nothing, absolutesickle had already laid low the yellow corn ly nothing!" crops, and the leaves upon the elms, both young and old, were changing under the ouch of annual mortality—from the cheerful green of youth to the sad brown of their last days, ere the relentless winds would sweep across them driving them hither and thither until they found a sequestered grave in the hollows of the land.

No one knew of Gladys Grey's pastor whence she came. That she was a lady woman!" could not be doubted; but she was exceedingly reticent about herself and her grace accompanying her speech withal.

action-some sin-that would not bear the man, of all that made life worth living, light of day; and she had come to this irre-seized upon him. proachable town to hide from the world and the tongues of those who knew her and her disgrace. So said the good, respectable and philanthropic ladies of Stedwell-on-the-Sted

A jury of matrons met together shortly condemning Gladys Grey, and—without retiring—the jury gave a verdict of "un-down the flag-stones." lesirable acquaintance for us, and more especially for our daughters." Thus it came about that Gladys Grey was left severely alone, than which nothing could have bet-

ter pleased her. Yet there was one man within the town with whom she was more friendly, whom, she permitted to constantly visit her. This able match for the daughters of the "best set" in Stedwell. It was through him that gured the little ivy-elad cottage for his made his way homeward. elient upon a lease; but he knew nothing sought to obtain her confidence; for he saw that the matter was distasteful to her, and

never broached it -although she learned nearly all his private affairs, and hers were as a sealed book

Summer, with its dusty roadways, its hot days and its breathless nights, had almost worn itself away. Gladys Grey had year, and her friendship with Edgar Thring all away. had gone on steadily increasing, week by week, month in and month out.

Edgar Thring made a discovery. Grey had a taste for water-color sketching. answer, "Mrs. Grey is quite well, but not women that ever breathed God's air. He, thereupon, found little difficulty in at home.' persuading her that the old mill upon the turesque pieces of scenery for miles around. strolling along the winding, rush-grown camp stool-busily plying her brushamongst the reeds and riverside grasses.

Then it so happened that the angler discovered how perfect a spot it was for sport, and would stop there—neglecting his legal golden ball of fire, behind the hills of the valley; the twilight deepened; the damp prepared for anything. mists hung like a shroud above the surface of the silent stream; the huge mill-wheel ceased its drowsy revolutions, the wooden o'clock.' structure gradually dimming to the sight, yet still looming out faintly against the distant hills, a gaunt spectacle, as something shadowy and long forgotten, and the shy water-shrew came forth from its hiding place—a tiny subterranean passage beneath the bank-glancing timidly this way and that, ere diving to the river's pebbly bed; and then—although his fisherman's basket might be empty, although perchance not a solitary trout had risen, although he would not have observed it had one done so-Edgar Thring told himself that he had had a good day, and that he must take yet another holiday and come on the morrow. And so they two walked slowly home-

ward, across the green fields together. Surely never was fairer picture than they made, alone in that fair wilderness!

Gladys Grey was beautiful. Yet hers was an indescrible beauty. Did her blue ferent shades chased one another in guick den-surely it had not sung since last he

times so piteous and again so utterly weary, which beautified the whole woman? These ing it ready for any suddenceall upon it, as himself many times; yet he could give no and had become tangled and rusted for turned away, pulled the old-fashioned bell answer to them. All he knew was that he want of use for many months past, instead rope mechanically, and staggered out of answer to them. All he knew was that he loved her, as man can love but once; that of a matter of a few days; and throughout the house, down the flagged pathway into to him there was no heaven save in her the burden of his song was "come to-mor- the sunlit street. eyes, no music save in her voice, no grace row," "Come to-morrow." nor beauty save in her every trivial action. Thus, unsought on her part, premedi-

tated on his, they met opposite the decayand the trout, reveling in their freedom, were caught—not all.

One day the fisherman was at his post, armed with a book of flies, his rod, line and basket, disconsolately flicking the sleepy waters, for Gladys Grey had not come to put the long-delayed finishing touches to her sketch of the old mill. She had told had parted at her garden gate, that she would be there by the river side on the morrow as usual; but still she came not.

"Is she ill? " " Can anything be the matter? Something must have occurred," he upon her lovely face. Dark rings encir-wheel, where he had played at catching said to himself, uneasily; and his glance cled the worn, weary eyes; the mouth was "Something must have occurred." he continually wandered to the broken hur- drawn at the corners, with pain, mute brush, and where both of them had learned dles at the entrance to the meadow, through

which she must pass. He looked at his watch. She was an hour behind her usual time.

"I will wait another ten minutes," he muttered, "and then—then I will go to her house and find out what is the matter." Perhaps, until this moment-the first time she had failed to meet him-he had not fully realized how deeply and honestly he loved her; how much the dear face, the

dear voice and presence were to him, and how slender was the tie-if tie there was at all—which bound her to him. "What do I know of her—of her past

A fish rose, nibbled at the angler's

caped unheeded. 'She must know that I love her." continued, following up his train of thought. "She cannot possibly have been playing e. * * passing the time, making Oh! God. No! I am a cad, dirty, with me. despicable cad to even think such a thing control himself. Mrs. Grey, she styled herself—who she was of her. She—so pure, so good, so true a

Another fish rose, took a bite at the fly. friends, for assuredly she must have had free, disappeared again. The water bubbled some prior to taking up her abode in the slightly, and a few circles gradually inlittle ivy-clad cottage at the corner of High creased in size until they touched either alive. street-and if any of the more inquisitive bank, and the surface of the stream beinhabitants attempted to elicit information came once more as smooth as a sheet of shought'-words failed him, he staggered deafening plash of the rain. Yet he dogfrom her, and to pry into her private af- glass. But the fisher scarcely heeded the fairs, she drew herself within her shell and sudden jerk upon his wrist, not noted the ling, like a man who has been struck upon answered them coldly, a certain haughty movement of the reel. A vague sense of the face. impending sorrow, a forerunner of the She had something to conceal, some past death of hope, the loss to him of this wo- almost incredulously.

> The ten minutes had slipped away. Yet no sign of her for whom he waited.

Upon reaching the town, he walked after Gladys Grey's arrival in their midst, straight up to the high street, never haltat afternoon tea in Mrs. Padder's best ing until he stood opposite Gladys Grey's drawing room, and after listening to all little garden. He pulled the bell violently, the hearsay evidence against the unwitting as though he had come on a matter of life absent prisoner, Mrs. Pander summed up, and death. A neat, white-capped little have allowed him out-out of prison-

"No. sir.

'Is she at home ?' 'No, not at home, sir.

'Would you tell her that I called?" Yes, sir.

his lips. His glance had fallen upon the cry of pain. was Edgar Thring, the solicitor-a desir- little drawing room window. He had seen

He had thought that he was privileged of her past, he was like the remainder of to call at any time. Besides, she had prom-Stedwell in that respect, save that he never ised to meet him at the old spot opposite the mill; and she had not come; neither had she sent a word of explanation to him her feeble strength too far. He did not Notwithstanding they became firm friends of his bent, and now-now! Bah! Per- would fall upon ears that heard not. haps he was making a mountain of a mole hill. He would call upon her on the morrow and she would explain it all away. And foot, a dry, helpless sob escaping her palthe look of pain, unutterable, which had lid lips. found lodgment in his eyes, slowly left his face. He had decided. He would call on the said suddenly, in a husky tone; raising been an inhabitant of Stedwell for nearly a morrow, and she?—she would explain it his head and drawing himself up to his full

cottage, each time meeting with the same

Then on the following day, he sat down Sted, with the thickly wooded hills in the and put pen to paper, to write to her for " " " Would it not have back ground, formed one of the most picture. He laid bare his whole soul have been honest with me? to her, upon the scrap of paper. He told He, himself, was exceedingly fond of trout her everything—that he loved her more I loved you, in spite of all that Stedwell fishing—the Sted was renowned for trout—than life itself. That without her presence, might say of you. * * * I never and nothing could be more natural than for living in this uncertainty, this doubt, he sought your confidence; but you should him to follow the bent of his inclination by had suffered the agonies of a lifetime. That have given it to -me. You have done so he must and would see her face to face, the now-now-when it is too late. bank, whipping the stream leisurely, until next day. Then he signed it. "Yours till I loved you. Gladys." he came across a slight figure seated upon a death, Edgar Thring," and posted it with me. I love you still. his own hands.

A tiny note, one of the creamiest of though to ward off a blow. "Stop! Stop, creamlaid note paper, was left at his office Edgar! I cannot bear it." by a messenger that evening. He opened and would stop there—neglecting his legal it with trembling-tingers; but his teeth menced, and stood before her, his breath business—until the sun appeared to sink, a were hard set, and his eyes—although gliscoming and going in quick, short gasps. tening, unnaturally brilliant-wore a firm, far west; the gray evening shadows slow-ly, almost imperceptibly, crept across the himself for whatever might befall. He was ment. A little latter he went on:

> This is what he read "Come to-morrow afternoon at three

No signature.

Yet he knew full well from whence it came. The handwriting was shaky—as if his hands and rested there. the writer had been laboring under some strong emotion-although graceful and somewhat uncommon; and the last word was blurred over by a cicular mark into married him-if he had died in prisonwhich the ink had run pale.

It was the imprint of a tear. Had she wept for him, for herself, or for them ure. "You have no right to ask such both?

Unseen, he raised the paper to his lips and held them for a moment against the blurred spot. Then he folded it up and placed it reverently in his pocketbook

Later he walked to his private residence with his wonted light step, which had failed him for the past three days and some- the occupants of the room heard it. The turn to the house of the friends whom she how he kept mentally repeating: "Come to-morrow, "Come to-morrow," as though eyes lend that charm to her whole face— there was exquisite music in the words; that strange mingling of hauteur and ten- and the sky seemed to him to be much derness, sweetness and severity-that grace- clearer, upon that autumn evening, than it the door to again. It was an unusual, a ful sadness to her every look and gesture? had been for many a long day; and the or was it her sensitive mouth that appealed nightingale in the shrubbery burst forth to one as so lovely, yet so very uncertain, into melody, ''link'd sweetness, long like an April day? or was it due to those drawn out,'' as Edgar Thring strolled up richly glowing cheeks, over which the dif- and down betwixt the rose trees in his gar- had suddenly given away.

were questions which Edgar Thring asked though the different parts had been put by

gar Thring was ushered into Mrs. Grey's sky. The pale moon now and again glancdainty little drawing room. She was stand- ing fitfully between the fleeting, sullen ing, totteriag, toiling old mill many times ing by a table, her long, slender fingers masses of vapor. The stars were entirely -And the picture progressed but slowly, toying nervously with a paper knife. Her obscured. At intervals vivid flashes of face was white and waxen-looking as the lightning lit up the sky. No sound could purest alabaster, and might have been fashioned from it, so still, so immovable the Sted, the moaning wind, the swishing was every feature; but her bosom rose and of the rain and the creaking of the old mill, fell, like the turmoil in the breast of a which exhibited signs of being wrecked enslumbering sea, over which the cruel tem- tirely by the forces of the gale and rushing pest suddenly swept.

For a moment he hesitated, standing in

stretched hands.

"I have come, Gladys," he said. the first time he noted the change that had taken place in her since last he set eyes agony, and the utter hopelessness of de- to love. spair; her beautiful dark-brown hair hung in a tangled mass about her shoulders, as and sky. He saw the broken hurdles to dress it, and the dimpled cheeks had grown pinched and wan in those few days. "Gladys! Gladys! Oh, my God! Tell

me-tell me what has happened. His voice sounded strange in his own Involuntarily he recoiled. "I have to ask your forgiveness-" she

began, in a low, hard tone. have forgiven that long ago," broke in He alluded, in his ignorance, to the fact

he asked himself. And his lips that she would not see him during the past "No, no," she said, shaking her head,

wearily, and motioning away his proffered hand. "No, it is something else. I never hand. "Wickham's Fancy," fought shy, and es- thought, or I would not think, how badly I was treating you, until--until he came. he and-"He! He! Who is he?"

Edgar Thring almost shouted the last unclenched his fists, as one who can scarce

tinued; "but when I got that letter, I saw sketching the scene before her. and, with a sharp struggle shaking itself it all—saw that I had done wrong, very again came a loud thunder crash. wrong-saw that I ought to have told you that I was married, that my husband was "Married! Alive! I thought -

> back with half-closed eyes, his brain reel- gedly went forward, without any purpose, He leaned against the wall, eyeing her that tiny bay.

Then she went on speaking in a low

"He is a criminal; that is why I have He put up his tackle, hurriedly, care- never spoken of him. His name is Barlessly. Then he strode rapidly across the graye—that is my real name, not Grey he was manager of the bank, and falsified the books. He was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. I dare say you may re--the day on which I did not meet youhe came here. He is here now. They

upon a ticket of leave. Her hand was pressed tightly against her Her blue eyes wore the look of a hunted animal an animal that had been bounded ing the tortures of its final worrying.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked, and He turned to go. An oath struggled to the sound of her voice was like a long, low

His head hung down. Slowly he low-"her" standing within the room, her back ered it, more and more, until at last his to the light. Blindly, as one who has in-head fell into his hands. He was dazed, Gladys Grey's own London solicitor had se-dulged too freely in strong liquors, he stupefied, like one awakening from a dream.

Still he made no answer.

"Can you forgive me?" she repeated softly, turning her great sad eyes upon his outsounding the roar of the wind and the bended head. Unwittingly he was trying by the maid. She had fooled him to the top see that he must answer soon, or his voice

She tried, vainly, to plead with him again, and, failing, shivered from head to

A long silence. Then-"Listen!" he height. "I came this afternoon ready to And for three successive afternoons he throw myself down on my knees and kiss

> I would have died for you gladly. But you-you have deceived me. Would it not have been better to you think it fun to play with me?

* * God help She put up her arm across her eyes, as

He ceased as suddenly as he had com-The mention of his name, upon those

'You want me to forgive you! It seems to me that you have something to bear, too. Yes! I forgive you, Gladys, from the bottom of my heart." His voice sank Nothing more. No heading to the paper, almost to a whisper. The sudden revulsion of feeling had proved well nigh too much for him. His face sank again into-

> Once more he lifted up his head and looked upon her pallid face. "Gladys, if you had met me before-if you had not would you-would you--?

She checked his mad words with a gestthings," she said. No! no right!" He laughed bitterly.

Then for one fleeting moment their eyes met, and in hers he read the answer that her lips would not tell him. He knew then that she loved him. The door-handle rattled. Yet neither of

door itself was slowly pushed ajar. It was Bargrave, her husband, who stood without. Something, a sound caused him to draw

heart-breaking sound—that of a man sob-Gladys sank, unconscious, into a chair. The icy band that had held her senses fast

succession as her mood changed in a be- saw Gladys Grey-and when night had will power. Edward Thring advanced to witching, fanciful way? or could it be her spread its dark mantle over all he went in- where she half lay. half sat, huddled, as voice, so full of melodious inflections, at doors and prepared some flies for the fu-she had fallen. His face was distorted, the the eyes--a long, sweet kiss.

> The black rain clouds chased one anoth-Punctually at the appointed time Ed- er in quick succession across the darkened be heard save the groaning and gurgling of current.

Edgar Thring, heedless of the elements, him upon the previous evening when they the doorway. Then he advanced with out- made his way leisurely in the direction of the mill. He could not sleep, he could not stop at home on such a night; and, more-She turned and faced him fully. For over, something seemed to impel him toward that bight in the river side, where the waters lay undisturbed by the mill

> A lightning flash 'illuminated the earth though she had lost the energy, the heart straight before him. His mind conjured up a vision of her," passing through them, smiling, beautiful, as in the old days, with her drawing block and camp stool under her arm. Then followed the deep, rumbling thunder peal.

The rain fell in torrents, the wind whistled and sighed; but still he plodded on, almost finding something congenial, suitable to his frame of mind, in the wildness of the night. At length he reached the river's bank, where the long reeds collided one with another with the violence of crossing

He walked along the bank, following the curves and sudden bends, fearlessly, recklessly, with only the livid whiteness of the Mesopotamia perished, in a national sense, foam-fleeked river to guide him. And it

seemed to him the whiteness of death.

Another flash of lightning lit up the scene from the zenith to the horizon. He saw the old mill, standing out gaunt and word. His eyes flashed, he clenched and gray to his right. And once again his fanev played strange tricks with his vision: he thought he saw "her" frail, girlish fig-"As God is my judge, I did not think ure to the left, seated upon the camp stool you meant-meant anything," she con-near the water's edge, as in the past, Once

Then darkness, inky darkness, prevailed again, and he saw nothing but the troubled waters washing by his feet, heard nothing but the shriek of the tempest and the save that of standing where Gladys and himself had so often stood, on the brink of

Another flash of lightning. He stood Then she went on speaking in a low immediately opposite the little bay, with monotone, like a little child repeating a the old mill in the background. He started back with blanched cheeks and staring eyes as the thin, electric streak ran with velocity through the air, rendering the scene as light as day.

What fearful trickery was this? What sight thus? His mind must have been member the case; and then the other day wandering-yet he had seen it! A cold sweat broke out upon his brow.

stricken head. Beneath his feet in that brief moment he

down-down to its death-and was endur- the sky-the eyes fixed, glassy, staring yet agriculture for saying that if you strippedl sightless—the form, face and exes of Gladys He stepped down the bank into the shallow water, and, bending over the spot

where he thought he had seen this drowned object, groped about blindly with his hands. They touched something—a damp piece of muslin; another movement and his hand clasped a tiny cold, clammy one. It was the hand of the dead. A piercing shriek rang through the air,

angry voice of the rushing flood. dropped those icy fingers as though they froze his own. Then he walked on, on until the waters reached to his waist, his shoulders and surged above his head. And in the hush of the morning the mil-

ler found two corpses amongst the rushes in the shallow bight; and their shroud was the saffron of the dawn, and the river sadly sang their requiem.

Wild Horses.

When President Cleveland was elected in 1892, with an unwieldy Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, his defeated opponent found grim satisfaction in predicting the troubles ahead in manag- and conveyed it to the banks of streams unfledged lawmakers of the Democracy, and West Branches of the Susquehanna, The Harrisonian prophecy was more than fulfilled. There was trouble, indeed; and ware and the many smaller tributary not much else. What good might have streams have presented thrilling pictures of been accomplished by the neophyths in the House was balked and baffled by the hellgramites in the Senate. In repudiating the Democratic Congress of 1892, however, the people filled the vacancy left by the retirement of wild horses with wild asses. Consummate a manager of men as Speaker Reed has proved himself to be, when he came to the work of making up his com- large enough to float the timber, and the mittees from the material on hand he was

in despair.

There are havenless ships on the sea.

Wind-whipped to a treacherons shore;
and, no doubt, he wished himself on board of one of them. The only safe thing to do was, as he declared, to "lay to" and do nothing. Thus far this policy has succeeded pretty well; but there are signs of mutiny. Only last week the wild asses kicked up their heels and got away from Mr. Reed, It remains to be seen whether he will be able to turn them loose, as pro-posed, in May, before irreparable injury shall have been done to Republican prospects.—Phila. Record

Nothing Above the Table.

A popular and well-known lady of central Mississippi visited New Orleans at the last Mardi Gras for the first time. She was delighted with the city, but was considerably shocked at the "decolleteness," of some of the costumes at the balls.

One day while here she was entertained at a fashionable dinner, and upon her rewas visiting, she was asked to describe some of the costumes worn. "What did Mrs. C- wear ?" said

her friend. "I didn't look under the table ; but she didn't have on anything above it."

Some say that a man who would "beat an egg" would be so cruel as to which wheat" or even eration in this State which has been Striving to calm himself by an effort of "lick a postage stamp."

Our Pennsylvania Forests.

Extracts from Gov. Hastings Arbor Day Address-April 10th.

The name "Arbor Day" was first suggested by the present United States Secretary of Agriculture, and was first observed in 1872 in his own State of Nebraska. Since that time, public interest in American forestry has been growing. The influence of the public schools, of the several State agricultural departments and the general trend of public interest have been such that to-day but two States and one Territory fail to observe "Arbor Day." aim and purpose of the movement are twofold, tree preservation and tree planting.

The necessity for the preservation and reinforcement of our forests is no longer open to argument. Our national existence, being in its youth, we have not gathered all the experience of the passing generations at home. Most of it came from other countries. At the time when our land was covered from Maine to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Alleghenies with unbroken forests, which disappeared before the woodman's axe and in response to the demand for cleared land wherein to plant towns and cities, the older civilizations of Europe were studying a different lesson. We were developing a tree-destroying instinct, while France, Germany, Spain and swim. Switzerland were realizing that there were in each country certain exposed areas from which, if the forests were removed, those and adjacent regions would cease to be productive and consequent famine would compel the populations to seek homes elsewhere. The destruction of forests produces arid soil. Arid soil is the father of desolation; desolation is the forerunner of depopulation.

France simply formulated her expe rience, when by her laws she declared that trees were more necessary to the State than to the individual and therefore the latter should not be allowed to destroy them at will.

The inhabitants of Persia, Egypt and with their forests; and both, in the ruins of their former glory, were a warning to after generations.

Turning to our own land, no country equal in extent was ever better timbered. if we except that territory reaching from Lake Michigan to the Rocky Mountains. For the past two hundred years the American people, axe in hand, have waged a relentless warfare of extermination. have devastated the forests of New England. They have swept away much of the value and beauty of the forests of the Middle States. They have crossed the Alleghenies and attacked Ohio. Indiana. Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin in their westward course until they found the timberless plains of Nebraska and Kansas, and the treelees territory lying between the Mississippi and the Rockies.

The true American likes to follow those pursuits or engage in those business enterprises which pay. He has studied into the forestry question, has gathered the statistics, and is prepared to say that the general welfare of the country is more identified with the forests which cover the land ghastly power was at work to fool his eye- than with any other feature of the earth's surface : that trees are the best friends of The thunder boomed with the strength protect the fields from devastating floods of 40,000 guns, above his dazed, terror and "cherish the springs that feed the made of alternate rows of colored ribbons streams."

of this country present the most valuable soaking drapery-a human face, white with crop raised in American soil. I have the the pallid hue of death, turned upwards to authority of the National Department of form, of blossom, leaf and fruit; the harmonious relation with sky, sunshine and sources of wealth, the strength of the comparison will be all on the side of the forests valuation.

> who is undoubtedly the best authority and at the same time the most enthusiastic ester in the State.

Most of Pennsylvania's timber crop, for around the hips than the outside skirt. many years, floated down our rivers during the spring freshets in the form of logs, rafts, arks and other floating combinations of native wood on their involuntary way to Down the front and on the cuffs are little market, piloted by a brave, reckless and romantic class of young men known as Pennsylvania lumbermen. The spring freshets brought forth these hardy men from their winter's obscurity in the forests where they prepared the timber for market ing the wild horses to whom he likened the tributary to the large rivers. The North the Allegheny, the Monongahela, the Delathe passing of Pennsylvania's forests from

headwaters to market. So profitable has been the timber crop of been brought to market and but little now remains of the grand timber pre et of a century ago. The railroads have invaded the forests where the streams were not portable saw-mill has made havor with the smaller timber growth as well as with the fish in the mountain streams.

There cannot be much objection to the removal of a tree after it gets its full growth, if the removal be for a lawful purpose. Nor is it reasonable to expect the farmer or the landowner to give up his land to the raising of a timber crop that must take fifty years or more to mature. This is not what is asked for by the friends of the Pennsylvania forests. Their desire is to see that all the land of the State. which is absolutely good for nothing else be utilized in growing timber. Commissioner Rothrock estimates that there are in the State a little over nine million acres of woodland at the present time. He also estimates that at the present rate of marketing, it will not be more than from twenty to twenty-five years until the marketable timber will be practically exhausted. He asserts that if the State, that is, land unfit for agricultural purposes and not worth more than an average of one dollar per acre were protected from further destruction by the hand of man, and from forest fires, the timber value of the crop produced at the end of fifty years would be worth, at present values, a billion and a half dollars, or an average of thirty million dollars per

Aside from the money value to the State and the people, there are other and probably greater considerations to be taken into the account. This is perhaps the first gen-

Concluded on Page 6.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Clover tea is excellent for purifying the Delivered at Drexet Institute, Philadelphia, Friday blood, clearing the complexion and removing pimples. Dried clover may be

> Dr. Alice B. Foster, who has charge of the physical training at Bryn Mawr, believes that physical education, besides developing the body, has a moral and physical effect. It teaches young women the value of control of emotions, it imbues them with a healthy idea of life, and does away with the morbidness and sentlmentality so common in boarding schools of a generation ago.

> Health, according to Doctor Foster's theories, is the foundation of happiness; therefore, her work is far-reaching indeed : the college student, owing to her training in physical culture, is healthy and therefore happy, she makes the best of thingsafter all, probably the secret of the art of

> Myriads of small brass buttons are see on some of the smart spring goods, a fashion, however, savoring too much of soldier dom, unless artistically carried out by a master of tailor-built gowns/

> The Spring girl whose bodice is not finished with a belt of some kind is not in the The flat of fashion says belt or gir-The only question is which shall is

> The girl pupils of the Osborne Kan, High School have two excellent base ball

> Good-bye to the broad belt. Mere twists of ribbon band the waist of the modern gown. If trigly worn they give the Frenchy long-waisted effect so much sought after, but when a large woman with clothes by no means snug in fit puts on a parrow ribbon-twisted belt she has very much the appearance of a bag with a string tied in the middle.

Miss Frances E. Willard is back in Chicago, after a lecture tour of five months through the South. She will sail for England the latter part of April, to be present at the annual meeting of the British Woman's Temperance Association. She will then visit Norway, after which she will return to this country.

Cuffs are the correct thing now. The Marie Antoinette sleeve, that is shorter on the inside seam than it is on the outside has a cuff that flares and is about four inches wide. A band of trimming or a puffed piece around the hand is also admissible. A new thing in the collar fine is made of black satin. It is a stock with a small tie attached that appears to come from the back of the stock and tie in the small butterfly bow in front. It has a white satin cording at the top edge so that there is no necessity for a linen collar, though one can be worn with it if desired. It can be bought for ninety-five cents, but made much cheaper.

One of the ways of trimming next summer's thin gowns will be with bretelles of ribbon some of these bretelles extending down on either side of the skirt to the knee or even to the hem, where they terminate the soil in which they grow; that they are in a bow. Valenciennes lace and insertion the sold in sold its fertility; that they are to be much used for trimming flowered lawn and dimity frocks and large collars In a commercial point of view the forests and lace around the edge, are a pretty adand lace insertion with a frill of ribbon dition, which makes a plain full waist very dressy, especially when it is cut a little low in the neck and the collar turns over from the edge. Some of the thin dresses are bethe American forests of their natural ing made with a low-necked under bodies beauty; if you take from the American of white lawn finished with a narrow edghome the shelter, the shade, the beauty of ing, and the high-necked waist has the usual stock collor of ribbons. Another fancy for trimming dimity gowns, which cloud, and estimate the value of American has already been carried out in black silk forests and then compare with other waists, is to set in insertions of lace to form large plaits over the entire waist and sleeves. Dimities with colored grounds patterned over in scroll designs of white. and made up over dimity in white or plain In Pennsylvania the average annual color which matches the gown, are very value of the timber crop for the last ten stylish, with white lace and white satin years has been \$22,000,000, according to ribbon trimmings. One white dimity Prof. Rothrock, the Forestry Commissioner, skirt will answer the purpose of under dress for several thin gowns, and should be made with a ruffle edged with parrow lace around the bottom and more closely gored

Rather military is a tailor-made goven of tan, finished with a high flaring collar straps of a darker brown, each sdotted with a wee pearl button. This gown is made on the sensible plan-therefore, pockets are allowed, one on each side of the front, and finished with regular tailor-jacket flaps.

'Nose hats' is a term which suits the headgear referred to admirably, for the new fangled hat is tilted at an angle of 30 degrees with the level of the top of the head -way up at the back, and a way down over the nose in front. It is a fashion that will be welcomed by the tall girl or the unfortunate damsel who is possessed of a high forehead. These are the girls who appear the State that fully three-fourths of it have to advantage with their hats on. It is the short maid who looks best in no hat at all. Headgear of any kind makes her appear top-heavy. She may delude herself with the idea that a high hat makes her look tall, but it more often has the suggestion of half-and-half about it-the girl forming the lower half.

> Ideal gowns for the coming summer are already displayed in all the importing houses of the city, those made of sheer grass linen, silk striped, silk barred, dotted. or embroidered or of organdy in new shadowy exquisite Watteau patterns of finest India muslin, with printed flowers or stripes, and tamboured in dots, or else in single stitch arabesques of many graceful devices. The gowns are made up over silk in monochrome or else of changeable tints. repeating those in the figured muslin. If silk is not desired, moired percaline lawn, batiste, or silk gingham is employed. Lace trimmings are used, but these are rivalled this year by the very beautiful embroidered insertions and edgings wrought on may terials matched to the dress itself, being made also of tiny frills of the muslin. edged with very narrow Valenciennes lace The full waist, either round or pointed, is invariably used for these transparent dresses. This is nearly seamless over a glove-fitting, boned lining. Some of the muslin gowns over crisp taffeta silk linings have a very full, flaring, nine-gored skirt. with very full kiltings at the back. Other models for slender young women have four straight breadths about 32 inches wide. with tucks alternating with lace insertions to the knee. Another skirt has a Spanish flounce of the muslin, finished simply with a deep hem headed by a single band of rich lace insertion. Many of the gored skirts have bands of embroidery laid over the side seams from belt to hem.